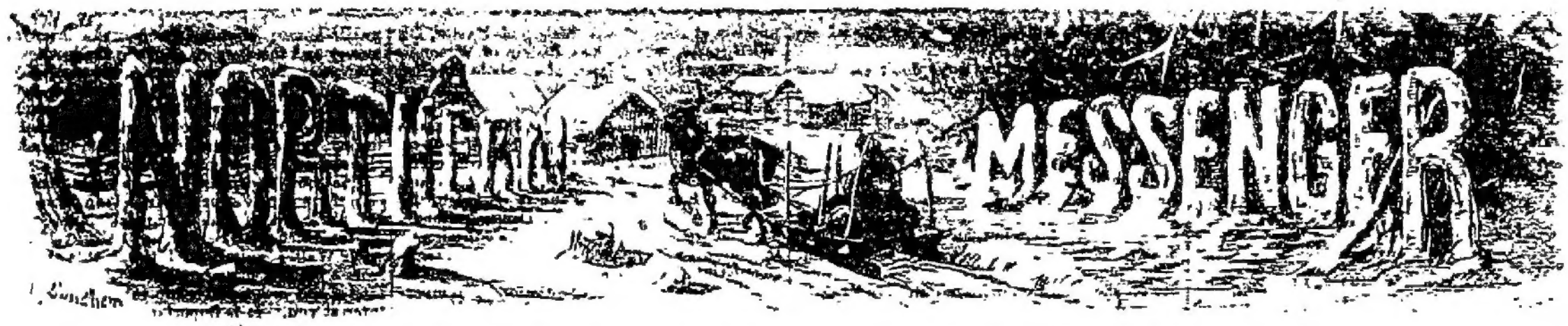


DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE. SCIENCE. EDUCATION. AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XII. NO 4 MONTREAL & NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 15, 1877. SEMI MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid

SOME CHRISTIAN INDIANS

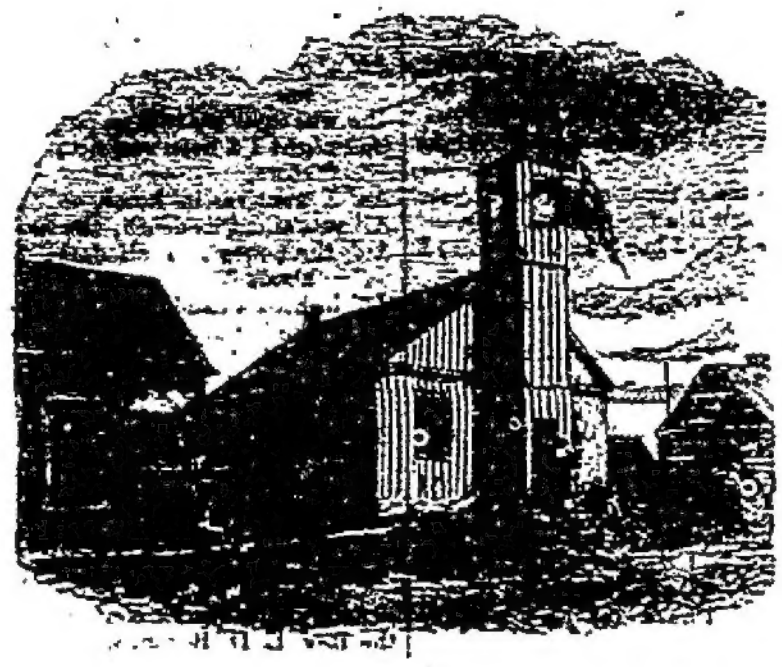
The little Indian village of Oka is situated on the Ottawa River, about fifty miles northwest of Montreal. My first visit there was paid immediately after the pretty Protestant church in which the Indians were accustomed to worship had been pulled down by order of the seminary of St Sulpice, an ecclesiastical corporation whose headquarters are in Montreal, and which three hundred years ago had been appointed guardians of these Indians by the French King.

"FATHER" ORITY AND HIS FAMILY.—FOUR GENERATIONS IN ONE HOUSEHOLD.

It would be impossible to describe the hopeless feeling of the Indians at this time. They had for years been suffering persecution for the exercise of what they had every reason to believe was their privilege and right. For cutting wood on their own land they were dragged to St. Scholastique and imprisoned; for defending themselves when assailed, they were dragged to St. Scholastique and imprisoned, they fenced in their land, and their fences were torn down, they built railings around the graves of relatives, and the railings were destroyed they were subject to persecution, insult, and starvation, and now their church had been torn down, and they despaired of anything better in future.

The man who appeared the most cast down was their head chief, Joseph Onasakerat, generally called Chief Joseph, to whom the the Indians principally looked for guidance. I paid a visit to his house, where I found, besides himself, his wife and children, who are represented in the engraving. He was educated to be a Romish priest, and for some time acted as secretary to the seminary's representatives at Oka. When there, a priest, Father Cuoq, who took a great interest in the Indians found amongst them copies of the New Testament, in the Mohawk language, that had been given them when travelling in Canada and the United States by colporteurs or missionaries. These he took away and threw in a box which was in the office where Joseph worked. The young Indian's attention was thus directed to the books, and finding them to contain what he thought was good, here distributed them amongst the Indians. His influence over his people, through his position and superior education, grew very strong, and in 1868 he was elected as their chief. He then left the employ of the seminary, and since has been fighting with his people for their rights in every manner; for this they have been excommunicated, and Joseph and others several times imprisoned. He is now one of the missionaries of the Methodist church in Canada.

Another pleasant visit was to old "Father Ority," who died a few weeks ago at the age of ninety-three years. "Father Ority" is much more easily pronounced by Englishmen this his Indian name, Joseph Ority (Pierced), or Oatkquet-co-wa (Great medicine). When I visited him he was in his dotage and almost entirely helpless. What a change there was from the leader of a body of Indian scouts, who fought with the British against the Americans, in the war of 1812. It is related of him that on one occasion, after a skirmish, a wounded American soldier was seen on a log by an Indian. The latter was about bayonetting him, when Ority interfered and saved his life. Ten years after the wounded soldier met Ority at Kingston, recognized him, and made him a handsome present. For thirty years Ority was engaged in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, and formed one of the party who went in search of Sir John Franklin by way of McKenzie River. He was twice married, and his second wife, who is also ninety-three years old survives him, but is blind and entirely incapable of taking care of herself. In the engraving she is seen sitting in the doorway with a shawl over her head, while "Father Ority" is shown as he stood at the right of the group, consisting of his children, grand children and great grand children, in January 1876. After his death, a few weeks ago, his body was stolen from the grave and carried off, his people know not where.



THE METHODIST CHURCH AT OKA.

These Indians are very devout and exact in the carrying out of religious observances. I had the pleasure of attending a class meeting, and was much interested in their "experiences," as translated from the Iroquois into broken English.

FRANCOIS said—"While sitting at home a little before meeting, my heart was sorry—I must get right up and go to meeting and tell what God has done for me. My heart was burning to let the people know my mind. I could not be satisfied without telling my brothers how good my God is to me."

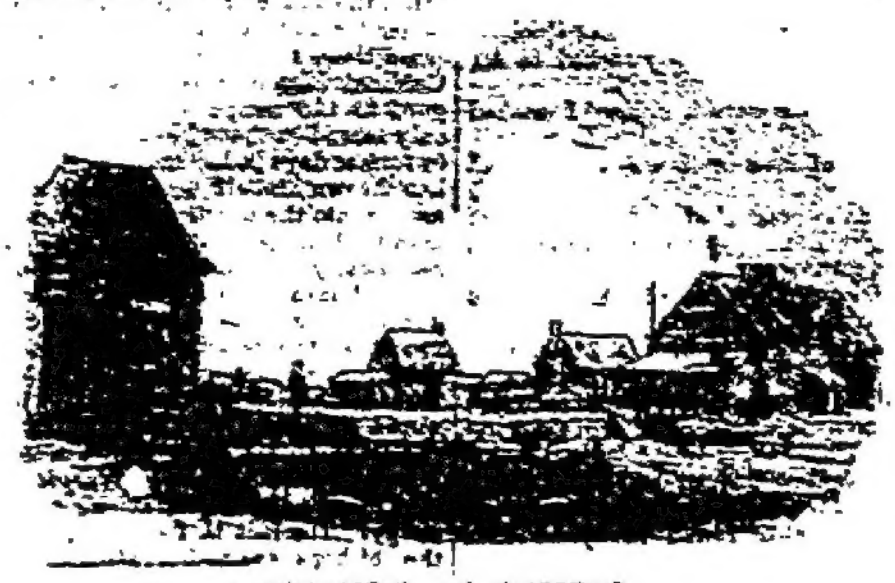
THOMAS said—"I am sure that I am changed, because I never used to think of the Sabbath as a day to keep, for any kind of play that could be done that day, I would do it—skating, lacrosse, playing ball, that was my desire my pleasure, from a child up to the time of my conversion. Since this my greatest desire, is to keep God's commandments. It is a pleasure for me to do it now, while then it was a hard task to keep me from play—almost like imprisonment to keep me from playing on Sunday."

CHARLOTTE—"I feel sorry that I have not done my duty as I ought, I have done it badly, I am resolved to do my duty. I feel happy to be able to resolve to do better."

Madame BRANDAS—"I am very happy, I am satisfied God is my Saviour. I am sorry that all my children are not walking in the path to Heaven. I wish all would be converted and walk with me to heaven, so there will be no separation there."

And thus they spoke twenty or more, singing between times, every one full of life and salvation, very unlike their usual stolid manner. Not a word was said of those who delighted to persecute them, but their thoughts were evidently solely on their own short comings and imperfections, and the reward they appeared to see directly before them in the world to come.

G. H. F.



THE VIEW AT PRESENT.

Temperance Department.

JIM BLACK.

BY EDWARD WIGGIN, JR.

"Say, Jim, what's yer tipple? what 'nothin' for you?
Well I swar now, that's ourus, come now, that won't do.
I m willin' ter swallow most anything queer,
But don't tell me that Jim Black's gone back on his beer.
What, yer mean it? h——! no! Don't play that, that's too thin;
Come boys, name yer pizen! Jim, you used ter take gin.
Yer won't? well I'm beat; got pious? or what?
Dead broke? never mind, order up somethin' hot!
Don't be blue, man, God bless yer! we haint met for years,—
Well I'm blowed: here's a go, Old Jim Black sheddin' tears."
"Hold on, boys!" says Jim, as he wiped his rough cheek,
"Don't fill 'em yit: give me time an' I'll speak.
You all know I'm scrar, an' never showed white,
I don't often quilt in a drink or a fight.
But I've had a dead set back, O God, boys! 'twas hard;
Hold a bit, and I'll tell yer, set down thar old pard!
I warnt allers rough, I was brought up ter pray
I had a good mother,—she's in heaven to-day.
She taught me the Bible right down by her knee,
An' kissed me, an' told me she hoped she might see
Her boy grown a man, ter comfort and cheer
Her journey through life for many a year.
Do yer know how I paid her? what comfort I gave?
Broke her heart for her kindness! she's now in her grave.
She died blessin' me, an' prayin' that God
Would save me when she was put under the sod.
Don't say I'm a chicken' but these tears will come
When I think of my mother, an' that dear old home,—
There, boys, I'll go on now, an tell yer the rest,
For now I've begun it, I'll make a clean breast.
I tried ter do better,—I married a wife
An' settled, an' tried hard ter lead a squar life.
I had a good farm, an' I worked hard an' fair,
An' boys, let me tell you a happier pair
Than me an' my wife never lived on this earth,
An' soon little strangers appeared at the hearth.
We warnt rich by no means,—but then we warnt poor,
An' no man went hungry away from our door.
We had allers enough, an' a little ter spare;
Tor be sure, 'twarnt the best, but 'twas good homely fare.
An' the best of it was, 'twas earnt honest an' straight,
Tho' we both had ter work hard,—worked early and late.
But when it comes night, an' the day's work was done,
We set down together, an each little one
Come an' climbed on my knee, an' then kissed me good-night,
An' then went ter their beds, with hearts pure and light;
An said the same prayers that my mother taught me,
I know 'em all yit, rough and hard as I be.
An' when they were all snugly tooked in ter bed,
My wife fixed their clothes up, an' I smoked an' read.
An' we talked of how well we were gettin' along
Since I shet down tastin' of anything strong;
An' I thought I was weaned from the stuff, but yer know
When the devil gits holt once he hates ter let go.
An' the long and the short of it is, I begun
Ter tipple agin, an' went down by the run.
I neglected my farm, an' it went all ter rack,
An' the debts commenced pilin' up thick on my back.
My children went ragged, an' hungry, an' cold,
An one after one my cattle were sold,
An everything else 'round the place that would sell,
Till my once happy home was turned into a hell.
An' the worst of it was my wife's heart was broke,
She jest took to grievin', not a hardjword she spoke;
I never abused her, but boys don't yer know
Some things hurts a woman far worse than a blow?
An' night after night she jest laid thar an' cried,
All the livin' night long, when I laid by her side
As drunk as a brute, an' when mornin' would come,
I'd get up an' leave her, an' go for more rum.
She tried hard ter save me, she'd beg an' implore
Me ter shet down on drinkin', an' live straight once more.
She'd bring me the children, an' plead in their name,
That I wouldn't disgrace 'em and bring 'em ter shame;
She'd speak of the time when, a happy young wife,
I told her I loved her far better than life,
An' promised ter shield her from trouble an' harm,
An' how happy she was when we went on the farm
To a home of our own, an' how pleasant the years,
Till I took ter drinkin' an' oh! then with tears
In her pretty blue eyes, an' her arms 'round my neck.
She'd beg that I wouldn't her happiness wreck.
An' she'd say she'd forgive all the misery and pain
I had caused, if I'd stop then, an' start straight again.
But 'twas all of no use,—I kept on the old route,
An' it seemed that the light of her life all went out.
She kept pinin and wastin', with grief an' despair,
An' the grey streaks kept thickenin' all through her brown hair.
An' the light left her eyes, an' still I couldn't see
She was dyin' by inches, jest murdered by me!
One night I'd been out with the boys at the store,
An' I went reelin' home, an' opened the door:
All was silent as death, the fire was all out.
An' the house was all dark, but I fumbled about
An' lighted a candle, an' went ter the bed,
An' there lay my poor wife pale, cold, O God! *dead*!
Don't one of yer speak, boys!—these tears you may think—
But my story's finished;—*now you fellers drink!*"

Aug. 14. 1876.

MR. BEVAN ON THE ENGLISH TEMPERANCE REFORM.

At a recent parlor conference in New York, the Rev. L. D. Bevan, who has just been called from London to take charge of one of the prominent churches in that city, gave an address on temperance work in England, only part of which we can quote. He said —It will be found that during this year—the financial year ending in the spring-time—that during that year we shall have consumed in England an amount somewhere like a hundred and forty millions sterling—something like a hundred million dollars in strong drink. Now, at the time when all industries are depressed, when everywhere men are retrenching, when the highest and the lowest are feeling serious pressure in England, that still there should be this enormous waste of property and this serious expenditure of money, is a question that every Christian man at least, and I think every patriot, ought seriously to consider. Now, this fact roused very much attention, and I am not quite sure if the first person to take it up with energy were not the Roman Catholic priesthood. I have no affection at all for that body of men, I think the fewer of them any nation has the better for that nation's prosperity; but, at the same time, I must say that the work which Cardinal Manning is doing just now, in regard to the temperance reformation is one only second to that of Father Mathew's labors in former days in Ireland. Cardinal Manning has thrown himself with all the energy of his nature into the temperance work, and the Roman Catholic population are responding quite remarkably to the Cardinal's appeals. Though an aged man, he is holding meetings up and down through the country, and endeavoring to extend the principles and practice among the large population which recognize him as their head in England. I only wish that he would give himself entirely to that business, and leave all his other duties alone. There has also been a sort of revival of temperance principles and practices amongst the English clergy. The fact is, I suppose, that some of the bishops are rather afraid of the other bishops; and they think that if there is a waking up there, it is high time also for them to do something in the temperance cause. The Rev. Mr. Wilberforce, rector of Southampton, and son of the famous Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Wilberforce, who died as Bishop of Winchester, has really roused the whole English Church, through its length and breadth, and they are showing great interest in this temperance reformation. The movement in the Catholic and English Church has stirred up the Nonconformist bodies, and we have special temperance associations formed. I myself have the honor of being the secretary of the association belonging to the Congregationalists, and we endeavor to secure the adhesion of the brethren connected with the Congregational Union and to stir up as much as possible attention to the great question of temperance. A similar movement is taking place amongst the Baptists and Methodists, and I think also that special societies have been commenced in the Presbyterian body in England; so that there is not to-day one single section of the Christian Church in England that is not roused on the temperance question, and is not seriously and earnestly engaging in it. There is also another remarkable feature of it, and that is a general interest manifested in society altogether away from the church which is now being taken in the question of total abstinence. Some little while ago, perhaps three or four years since, some articles appeared in the *Saturday Review*, calling attention to the practice of secret drinking on the part of women. I know no more serious phase of the peril of intemperance to-day in England. I do not know whether you have it here in America or not, but the advance of private drinking habits amongst women is lamentable to consider. It is bad enough to have a drunken man; it is fifty times worse to have a drunken woman, when we remember her as wife and mother, and think of the important position she occupies as a social factor. I know nothing so seriously imperilling the best interests of the state as to find intemperance growing amongst females. Thirty years ago the use of spirits amongst women was almost unknown; to-day this evil is exercising a very serious influence. The fact is the physicians of England have been thoroughly alarmed, and a great change has come over the practice of medical men in relation to the administration of alcohol. The articles to which I have referred called attention to this matter, and at once the whole society was aroused. A little while ago Dr. Richardson, who is somewhat famous for his articles on hygeia, published lectures on alcohol which probably are not unknown on this side of the waters. They created a great deal of interest and have been read very largely. Both in the medical profession and outside of it men are beginning to dispense with alcohol as a drug, and at the same time are disbelieving in it as an article of food. A very interesting movement is taking place, running parallel with the religious movement, and that is the establishment of a temperance hospital. It commenced on a very small scale some two years ago, but it is now rapidly increasing. There they have carried on the practice for the last two years without administering a drop of alcohol. They have refused to use alcohol as a solvent in medicine, and are using some other drugs in its place. Some of the results are astonishing. In something like two years' time there will be a very large hospital in the city given up entirely to dealing with disease without the use of alcohol. The site has been already secured and the building already commenced. Now, these facts, the religious and medical movement and the general social interest created by these various movements, have quite stirred up English society; and to-day you cannot go to a dinner party, if you happen to be a teetotaler, without being at once attacked upon all sides, not as in former days with sneering, not with a spirit of virulent hatred, but with earnest enquiry upon the subject of temperance.

DRINK IN AUSTRALIA.

"Now for a yarn about grog. I am more disgusted with it than ever, and I am very glad to say that the feeling is spreading very much amongst the miners and workmen at large; still they will drink, though full well they all know its damnable consequences. I have long yarns with most of the men, about 100, working in the quarry; they almost all agree on this point, and I am sure, if it were put to the vote, not a public-house would stand. The trade is damnable. If I go to town with fish or game to sell—'What do you want for that goose?' 'Three shillings.'—'Here is 2s. 6d.: you must take a glass' (for the rest). It is more a damnable slavery! Not a bargain, no work—nothing to be done without grog: the very parson wants it (he thinks) to preach a good sermon!—It is a fact, I have seen it over and over again in this country. I long to see the Permissive Bill pass into law all over the British Empire. It would be a glorious day! To say 'Here is a hill; there is stone. We want so many thousand tons.' One hundred men are employed to get this stone, at from eight to ten shillings a day. The contractor puts his head to work with others to beg his men's wages. What is simpler? Put up a public-house; Government gets the licensing money and the duty on alcohol: the publican, contractor, &c., beg the rest, and the poor working man is not only legally plundered by a licensed robber, but very likely 'gets the sack,' or in English, is discharged. The Government, in fact, is the captain of banditti, and such a Government wants overthrowing!

The above is extracted from a letter just received by Sir Walter C. Trevelyan from the neighborhood of Rockhampton, New South Wales, dated 22nd September, 1876.

Sir Walter writes:—"I think this extract from a letter I have just received from an old settler and a hard worker in Australia will interest you. It is important as showing the strong feeling which is springing up among a large and powerful part of the population, on the iniquity and tyranny of a Government in partnership with the drink interest, robbing and ruining the people through the licensed liquor laws, which are formed and well calculated to protect their armed monopoly, but not the community, whom it unscrupulously plunders and ruins in all its most vital interests."

A DRUNKEN FARM.—Often and often, while riding through the country, have we passed farms whose history we could read at a glance. The door yard fence had disappeared—burnt up in the shiftlessness born of drink. The house was unpainted and battered; broken panes of glass were stopped with rags or old hats; the chimney stood in a tottering attitude; the doors swung in a creaking fashion on one hinge; the steps were unsteady, like its owner; everything was dilapidated, decaying, untidy, cheerless. A single look showed that its owner traded too much at one shop—the rum-shop. The spirit of thrift had been killed by the spirit of the still. Fresh paint, repairs, improvements, good cheer and beauty for the home—all had gone down the farmer's throat. Outside matters were the same. The barnyards were wretched sties; the doors were off, the roofs leaky, the gates down, the carts crazy, the tools broken, the fodder scarce and the stock poor and wretched. Neglect, cruelty, wastefulness, ruin—all had come from drink. The farm showed the trail of the same serpent. The straggling and tumbled stone walls, the rickety fences, the weed-grown fields, the sparse and half-headed crops, the dying orchard, all said to the passer-by, "Whiskey did it." Drink had given the plaster of a mortgage instead of a coating of fertilizers, sloth instead of labor, unthrift in the place of care, and demoralization in lieu of system. The farm was drink-blighted, and advertised its condition as plainly as its owner did when he came reeling home from town. One of the most impressive temperance lectures, for young farmers especially, is a good look at a drunken farm.—*Golden Rule*.

—The papers and people of England are much occupied in discussing the question whether the late Arctic Expedition was an absolute failure or not. But, according to the London *Spectator*, one fact, having a bearing on the use of spirituous liquors, has been demonstrated, which will be interesting to temperance men. The records of the Expedition show that the total abstainers, at least those who had been in the habit of total abstinence for some time before the Arctic Expedition, were apparently much less liable to scurvy and able to do much more work under exposure to great cold, than those who took the ordinary proportion of alcohol. The total abstainers on the "Alert"—the ship whose crew suffered the greatest privations—surpassed the rest of the crew in the work they did. Aylen had been out 110 days and Malley ninety-eight, and neither of them was attacked by scurvy—indeed, both enjoyed good health. Yet Aylen (who is a teetotaler of many years' standing) was absent on one occasion eighty-four days from the ship in one expedition. Indeed, scurvy attacked every member of this ship's party except Aylen and Lieutenant Aldrich, and Lieutenant Aldrich, though not a total abstainer, was the next thing to it, so greatly did he dilute his grog. So, too, Henry Petty, of the Discovery, a total abstainer of some years' standing, entirely escaped scurvy, in spite of great exertions.

—A committee has reported to the Established Church Presbytery of Edinburgh, recommending a vigorous and sustained warfare against drunkenness—suggesting that wherever a parish church exists, a temperance association should be formed as a moral auxiliary, and that associations should be founded for the establishment of temperance cafés, workmen's clubs, and places for recreation.

"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

MATT. 6: 21.

ALIMENTATION.

Dr. Richardson, the author of 'Hygeia,' says in *Good Words*.—

In no department of life, as it at present exists, is the correction of instinct by reason more urgently required than in this matter of alimentation. At no period in the history of this nation have happiness and comfort so prevailed as in the present age. In no age have the people been so well provided with food, so well clothed, so well housed, so well educated. And yet it is true that, in the matter of feeding, nothing could be systematically worse than the systems which still prevail. The errors lie on every side.

Altogether there is an exaggerated importance attached both to eating and drinking. Everybody seems as if he carried about with him a spoon, with something in it to put into somebody else's mouth. "Won't you take something," is the first expected word of common hospitality and good-nature. If a great event of any kind has to be signalized, it must be distinguished by what is characteristically called a feast, which means the supply of certain articles of food and drink beyond what is taken in the ordinary rule of life, and beyond what is in any rational point of view commendable. If a friend be invited to dinner, the immediate object is not to give that friend what will be good for him and for his health, but what may be doubtful for him and extravagant for the giver. In the exuberance of generosity the friend is asked to eat what is no longer food, but so much money which he cannot digest, and which would not help him if he could. If a man praises his cook, and asks a visitor to his table because he has at command the best *chef* in the world, he does not speak of that *chef* as of a man who understands the relation of food to the wants of the body, and who can make the simplest supplies of nature applicable to the readiest and easiest building up of the bones, the muscles, the brain, the senses. He speaks of an artist who can spend the largest amount of wealth in ministering, in the greatest number and variety of modes, to the sense of taste, and who can, thereby, induce the visitor to wreak the worst vengeance on his stomach, and other oppressed organs, which, being overtaxed, make all the body feel with them the weight of the taxation.

From this point of view of alimentation, the art of cooking has but one object,—that of making a huge excess of food find agreeable entrance into the body. There is, however, another mode in which the art of cooking food is degraded. Amongst the working masses, in their everyday life, the food that is eaten loses more than half its value by the faults peculiar to its preparation. You see the working or laboring man going to laborious duties which call for the best and most perfect adaptation of food, so that the force that the food can supply may be all converted into working force; and there is the precious food, the compressed energy of the man for his laboring hours, tied up in a handkerchief, with little regard to its cleanliness, or to the place where it is to be stored until it is required. If you look at the mode in which that food has been cooked, it will strike you, in nine cases out of ten, that the ready digestion of it is beyond any human possibility. The bread will be dry, hard, and probably coarse: the animal food either partly cooked or cooked to dryness: the pastry thick, heavy, cold: the cheese, if as a supposed luxury it be provided, dense, or soft, or acid, or of stronger flavor. To the whole will probably be added one or two cold potatoes, which at their best were hardly boiled, that is to say were boiled hard that they might hold together. Physiologically speaking, a meal of this kind, prepared in the manner I have stated, and prepared in a manner I have copied from direct observation, loses more than half its value. If it contain all the elements necessary for nutrition, it is digested with difficulty and labor; the force expended on it by the stomach, and which ought to be expended in muscular labor of the limbs, is so much labor utterly thrown away. Neither is the mischief finished here. The labored digestion brings on what is commonly called indigestion; the stomach and intestines are distended with flatus, the nervous surface of the alimentary canal is rendered irritable, and the mind thereupon is disturbed. hard work becomes annoying work, and after a long time the body generally suffers in its nutrition owing to the persistent nervous irritation to which it has been subjected.

Thus in the richer and in the poorer classes of our society the errors in the preparation of food are all-pervading. In the one class the alimentary organs are injured by satiety and luxurious excess, in the other the alimentary organs are injured by the extra labor and irritation to which they are daily exposed. The same mistakes extend also through the middle classes of society, though not to so extreme a degree, for here is found occasionally the house-wife who can cook decently, and who, from the necessity for economy, learns, in a practical rule-of-thumb way, the kind and character of food that best suits those under her charge, and the cheapest and most efficient modes of preparation.

ACTION OF COLD UPON MILK.

Our correspondent, Professor Maurice Perkins of Union College, translates for the Country Gentleman from the Paris Comptes Rendus some statements on this subject, which are of interest in connection with the discussions now going on here with regard to the Hardin and other systems of setting milk by cream. It is an abstract from a paper by Eug. Tisserand, read, we presume, before the French Academy:

Numerous experiments have been made by exposing milk to different temperatures varying from 32° F. to 100° F., and the following facts have been elicited:

1. The rise of the cream is the more rapid as the temperature to which the milk is exposed approaches 32.

2. The volume of the cream is greater when the milk has been efficiently cooled.

3. The yield of the butter is also greater when the milk has been exposed to a very low temperature.

4. Finally, the skimmed milk, the butter and cheese, are of better quality when prepared under the above circumstances.

While it is impossible to offer a satisfactory explanation as to the reason why artificial cold should produce a beneficial effect upon the yield and quality of the products derived from milk, it is probable that it may tend to arrest that fermentative decomposition which is so prone to set in with organic fluids, and thus by preventing incipient alteration, indirectly to improve the quality of the material.

The practice of warming the dairy in winter time, so as to maintain its atmosphere at a constant temperature of about 69°, is therefore objectionable: the pans should stand in running water at as low a temperature as can be practically obtained.

It is further suggested that the foregoing facts should be brought prominently before the notice of those who are engaged in the manufacture of dairy products, in order that the many erroneous notions on this subject may be gradually eliminated.—*Country Gentleman.*

Carrier-Birds.—The large numbers of carrier-pigeons used during the Franco-Prussian war, and other circumstances, have excited a wider public interest in these birds than has existed for many years past. In Holland and France the breed is carefully guarded, and in all the European countries fine specimens of the bird find ready buyers. Prussia has a pigeon communication between her capital city and the fortresses of Metz and Strasbourg. In Paris, many of the daily journals receive news of events transpiring in the Legislative Assembly, at Versailles, through the carrier pigeons, in preference to using the telegraph. The birds traverse the distance in from fifteen to twenty minutes, and the intelligence thus reaches the offices more quickly than if the despatches waited their turn for transmission by telegraph. The long employment of the pigeons as news-carriers has been the means of proving conclusively that no instinct guides them back to their cotes. On foggy days they will not attempt to return, nor during the night, except at times when there is a clear atmosphere and a full moon. When released, the bird flies upward and then circles around until it sees certain features of the landscape which it recognizes as being adjacent to its home. These it has learned to know during short flights which it is allowed to make during the training period. and therefore the instant the surroundings of its abode, often extending over a radius of several miles, meet the pigeon's eye, it at once travels with wonderful velocity in their direction. It is said that when a bird fails to remember any portion of the landscape beneath it, it will fly for some miles without any reference to course, and then circle about again, and this will be repeated until a familiar object is caught sight of, or else the bird becomes exhausted, gives up the search, and never returns.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Travelling Boxes.—The slaughter of three men near this city by the explosion of nitro-glycerine which they were handling has developed some curious and alarming facts. The manufacturer of the article testifies that he has carried a bottle of it in travelling for two years, keeping it in his trunk. Now we all know the gentle handling our trunks get on railroads, and it is in our proof of the tender care taken of our baggage by the baggage smashers, as they are so unjustly called, that we have escaped from frequently being blown up by nitro-glycerine. It was in testimony on the coroner's inquest that it does not explode by fire, but a sharp concussion, a smart blow, a sudden smash would set it off, and everybody and everything near would go off with it to parts unknown. On this account the Hudson River and the Morris and Essex Railroads refuse to carry it; but it is put up in parcels, trunks, boxes, &c., and sent through the country, through the city, across the ferries, by the manufacturers, without the least regard to the lives and property of the community. The record of deaths by such explosions in the few years of its use i awful, and ought to induce the enactment of such laws as will compel the makers of this mixture to transport it only in such ways as to ensure public safety. If no such ways can be devised, then its use must be dispensed with, for it is too much to ask that the lives of the people shall be constantly exposed to the fury of such an agent.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Weight and Nutrition.—The weight of the body has often been assumed as an infallible proof of the maintenance of the condition of the body, or of a man's deposition of tissue, and the food which keeps up a man's weight has been regarded as on that account satisfactorily nutritious. But the weight of the body is no criterion of the value of the food taken; because while the weight remains constant, or even increases, water may increase in the tissues and albumen and fat diminish; or there may be an increase of weight and deposition of fat, while there is also at the same time a diminution of the albumen of the body. Badly nourished people are usually not lighter than others, but their bodies contain more water and less albumen and fat than those who are well nourished. Every cattle-feeder knows that cattle which are being fattened do not at first increase in weight proportionately to the food they take. And yet people commonly regard weight as of great importance in the case of men, though a butcher will not buy a carcass on the merits of its weight alone: he must know the quality of the meat.—*Herald of Health.*

Bastie Glass.—Mrs. Nassau Senior writes to the London *Times* on the curious behavior of tempered glass. She furnished twelve gas burners with tempered glass globes purchased in London, and having the veritable label of M. de la Bastie affixed to each. On the night of October 6, after the gas had been extinguished for exactly an hour, one of the globes burst with a report and fell in pieces on the floor, leaving the bottom ring still on the burner. These pieces, which were, of course, perfectly cold, were some two or three inches long, and an inch or so wide. They continued for an hour or more splitting up and subdividing themselves into smaller and still smaller fragments, each split being accompanied by a slight report, until at length there was not a fragment larger than a hazel-nut, and the greater part of the glass was in pieces of about the size of a pea, and of a crystalline form. In the morning it was found that the rim had fallen from the burner to the floor in atoms.

The Sea-Serpent Again.—Another sea-captain and his first officer have added their affidavit to those already on file regarding a marine monster which answers to the general term, "Sea-serpent." This time the creature was seen in the Straits of Malacca, from the deck of the steamship "Nestor." The description corresponds nearly enough with those of previous observers to confirm the belief that huge marine nondescripts exist in the ocean, and are at times seen by man. The incredulous will, of course, be incredulous still.—*Christian Union.*

—Professor Sanborn Tenney, of Williams College, proposes a jolly trip to the Rocky Mountains during next summer vacation—a sort of natural history pic-nic, as it were. His party is to be composed of fifteen members, principally from the Lyceum of Natural History, and all will be required to prepare themselves for the expedition by careful preliminary work. Professor Tenney hopes to work up some important scientific points, while the other objects of the trip will be to enrich the museum of the college and instruct those who accompany him. It will be known as "The Williams College Expedition."

—Every new manufacturer of giant powder or any of the nitro-glycerine explosives seems to feel it his duty to show how hard it would be for an accident to happen with his product. The British dynamite company lately gave a séance at which (1) frozen but partially thawed cartridges were thrown violently against an iron plate; (2) a four-hundred-pound block of iron was dropped twenty feet upon a light wooden box containing twenty pounds of dynamite. (3) those smashed cartridges were violently exploded by a fuse. All this without accident.

—A French railway conductor, noticing that the boards of mortar beds become very hard and resist decay, has invented a process for preserving wood by impregnating it with lime. Lumber is piled in a vat covered with quicklime, which is slacked by sprinkling. The vat is filled with water up to the top of the wood, which remains some days undisturbed, and is believed to absorb the lime through its whole structure, becoming hardened and secured against dry rot.

DOMESTIC.

WHAT CAN LITTLE GIRLS MAKE

To the question often asked us, "What can little girls make?" we will answer. First, very small girls as well as larger ones can make patchwork quilts, such as their grandmothers used to make: and tidies, towel work and rugs such as their frugal grandmothers never dreamed of.

Most persons begin such work on too large a scale, so that they either weary of it, or give it up altogether. First count the cost of time and money and patience, and then begin. Perhaps, if you choose patchwork, you had better begin on a cradle or crib quilt. A very pretty pattern is a star, made of six diamonds; and the stars all joined together with hexagons, which make them more distinct than if joined by diamonds of one color, and is less work. Many persons baste all their pieces over paper, which takes a great deal of time, and which is useless in this pattern. You can use either silk or calico

Any friend can give you patterns and directions for patchwork.

A very odd blanket for the lounge is made by cutting (or tearing if your material will bear it) all the bits of your bright woollen dresses into strips a quarter of an inch wide, sewing them together at random, and knitting them on needles the size of your finger. This gives the appearance of a *chene* article, especially if your pieces are short and of many colors. The number of stitches you will need depends on the size of your needles. You can try a piece with twenty stitches, to see how you like it; and any one who knits can judge from that how many it will take for the desired blanket.

Your strips should be cut or torn lengthwise, as this is less likely to ravel or fringe out than if done the other way.—*Watchman.*

—Exercise your horses daily. A few carrots with their grain will aid digestion and appetites, and improve their coats. Train colts so that no breaking will be needed. Keep working and carriage horses sharp shod, well groomed, and blanketed when standing out, or in cold stables after exercise. Ventilate stables, and abolish high feeding racks.

Silks.—A little ammonia in a few spoonfuls of alcohol is excellent to sponge silk dresses that have grown "shiny" or rusty, as well as to take out spots. A silk—particularly a black—becomes almost like new when so sponged.

Ham on Toasted Toast.—Cut a slice of bread rather thick, toast it and butter it well on both sides. Take a small quantity of the remains of either ham or tongue and grate it. have ready, chopped fine, two hard-boiled eggs, put both meats and eggs into a stew-pan with a little butter, salt and cayenne, and make it quite hot, then spread quickly on the toasted bread, and serve immediately.

Pastry Made with Suet.—Get a pound of the best suet, with very little membrane running through. Roll the suet on the paste-board for several minutes, removing all the skin and fibres that will appear when rolling it, and this will leave the suet a pure and sweet shortening, looking like butter. Rub this into the flour, salt, and mix with ice water. When ready to roll out for the plates put on a little butter in flakes, rolling it in as usual. After making up paste it is a good plan to put it on the ice or in a very cool cellar for an hour or two before using.

To Destroy Insects.—The Boston *Journal of Chemistry* says that hot alum-water is a recent suggestion as an insecticide. It will destroy red and black ants, cockroaches, spiders, chintz bugs, and all the crawling pests which infest our houses. Take two pounds of alum, and dissolve it in three or four quarts of boiling water; let it stand on the fire until the alum disappears. then apply it with a brush, while nearly boiling hot, to every joint and crevice in your closets, bedsteads, pantry shelves, and the like. Brush the crevices in the floor of the skirting or mop-boards, if you suspect that they harbor vermin. If, in whitewashing a ceiling, plenty of alum is added to the lime, it will also serve to keep insects at a distance. Cockroaches will flee the paint which has been washed in cool alum-water. Sugar-barrels and boxes can be freed from ants by drawing a wide chalk-mark just round the edge of the top of them. The mark must be unbroken, or they will creep over it, but a continuous chalk-mark half an inch in width, will set their depredations at naught. Powdered alum or borax will keep the chintz-bug at a respectful distance, and travellers should always carry a package of it in their hand-bags to scatter over and under their pillows in places where they have reason to suspect the presence of such bed-fellows.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE."

(CHAPTER II.—*Continued.*)

When, after a pause, her valediction had come back to her, she repeated it. A second time the echo acknowledged it, and a third time she uttered it, but before the echo could reply, there came a fierce growl out of a plantation hard by. A voice, which Helen knew too well, demanded with an oath, what she was howling there for.

The poor little maiden fled like the wind. All the peace of the summer night had passed away—had been most roughly dissipated. She was still so agitated when she reached home that her father anxiously asked what had happened.

He laughed when he heard that some man had shouted at her out of the firs by the Ten Acre. "He didn't know 'twas you, then, whoever 'twas," said her father, re-assuringly. "Nobody in these parts would want to harm a little gal like you: no, nor a tramp neither, and there's none about." Helen, however, was bidden never again to stray so far from home so late.

A most otiose order. Thenceforth, even in broad daylight, she did not like to go alone beyond the orchard, farmyard, or home-croft. She took a dog with her when she went for the letters to the village street. Now that Grim Jim had come back to the parish, her half-formed resolve to denounce him utterly melted away. The terror of him again haunted her like a ghost—a ghost which no one but herself was conscious of. She rarely heard his name mentioned. Her father and brothers, the women-servants and the farming-men, seemed still to think, when they thought of him at all, that Grim Jim was either far away, or else that he had committed suicide. That alternative belief made him a double terror to little Helen. She had once, to her shuddering self-reproach, derived a moment's satisfaction from the thought that perhaps he had made away with himself. She was punished for it now. It must be remembered that although she went to boarding-school, she had been born and bred in a parish in which down to these days, long after the date of this little story, superstitious beliefs have lingered on.

In Helen's time there was a horse-shoe nailed on either the lintel or the doorstep of almost

CHIEF JOSEPH AND HIS FAMILY.

(See First Page.)

every cottage, cowhouse, stable, and barn in Old Bere. The village forge, which might have been supposed to be sufficiently protected by the array of shoes within had, nevertheless, three, arranged like the golden balls in the Lombardy Arms, nailed over the door. The people of Old Bere were quite ready to duck old women suspected of witchcraft, and crossed straws, and laid other ingenious traps for their detection. Nevertheless, the inconsistent villagers crossed gipsies' palms, and resorted to the Wise Man to get their fortunes told. Young ploughmen sowed hemp-seed in the churchyard; milkmaids performed mystic rites before looking-glasses in order to discover their future lovers. Anxious parents passed their ague-stricken children under donkeys' bellies. Middle-aged farmers might laugh, but they had a sneaking belief in the efficacy of the curative process when their herdsmen applied shrewash twigs to their suffering cattle. Their wives hastened to throw a pinch over their left shoulders when they had spilt the salt, shuddered when their guttering candles made winding-sheets, or

"Bounce from the fire a coffin flew,"

fully believed that they would soon see strangers when soot-flakes flapped on the bars of their kitchen grates, and took scrupulous care to give their bees, after respectful tapping on their hives with door-keys, early information of family deaths and weddings; and to put the hives into mourning, or decorate them with bridal favors according to the circumstances. Almost everybody in the parish believed that effets and toads spat poison, and that blue-burning, automatic corpse-candles slowly moved at midnight from the houses in which people were going to die to the spots in the churchyard—always entering by the lych-gate—in which they would be laid; and even the vicar, when appealed to on the subject of ghosts, gave forth an uncertain sound.

No wonder, then, that Helen believed in ghosts; and this was the dilemma between the horns of which she found herself placed.

Grim Jim had come back to the parish, either in the body or out of the body.

In the former case, his return was fraught with all the possibilities of evil to her father and herself which she had formerly dreaded.

In the latter, though a ghost could not be killed, and therefore her father could not be hanged for murdering Grim Jim, there was no saying what dire michief his grim spectre, released from all amenability to human law, might inflict on both her father and herself.

If her father chanced to say before her that he was going to the Ten Acre, she became almost sick with fear. Either he might chance to find a flesh-and-blood Grim Jim lurking in the plantation, and at last suspect that he was the man who burned his ricks, or the ghost that once inhabited the putrid corpse dangling from a bough, or lying entangled at the bottom of the black plantation pool, might have power even by day to wreak its malice on her father and then come on to her.

After nightfall, Helen believed that a ghost could do nearly what it liked, and therefore, after she had put out her candle and lay in bed with her head buried in the bed-clothes, she was often in an agony of fright. Some fascination of the terrible compelled her ever and anon to peep from the bed-clothes, although she almost fully expected to see the awful thing standing by her bedside.

For company's sake she let the dogs sleep in turn in her bedroom. But dogs are no guardians against the supernatural.

One moonlight night her canine room-mate added to her terror.

He rose, whimpered, and then bayed at the moon most dismally, and Helen for a time firmly believed that he saw the ghost noiselessly drawing near.

Silvery moonlight nights, golden sunny days were common during those holidays; but, in the words of the old chronicle, "The sun was like a black shield, the moon was as if it had been sprinkled with blood," to poor little Helen.

CHAPTER III.—SACRILEGE.

Old Bere church stood in the Squire's park. The mounded churchyard was separated from the more level turf around by a low grey wall, embroidered with silver-grey, grey-green, and orange-colored lichens, and held together by a network of small-leaved ivy.

There were white, grey, green, black grave-stones in the church-

yard, and one rusty railed-in box tomb beneath the chancel window, but most of the graves were mere green, daisy-dotted mounds.

Before Grim Jim had come back to trouble her, the churchyard had been a favorite resort of Helen's. She would sit for hours by the tombstone of the mother whom she had never known, and yet seemed to remember well, having formed an idealized conception of her face and form and voice from what she had heard of her and the portrait that hung in her father's bedroom.

But now Saturday was the only week-day on which she ventured into the churchyard. It stood so far from both Hall and Lodge that a corporeal Grim Jim, if he came upon her unwares, might murder her in spite of her dog, and no one for days be the wiser; whilst if he were incorporeal, what place would he be more likely to visit than a churchyard! She went to it on Saturday afternoons with the old woman who cleaned out the church; but notwithstanding her re-assuring presence, Helen could no longer, as of old, sit and dream beside her mother's grave. The sweet security of the place was gone. If she did not hear the old woman moving she became anxious and ran into the church, and helped the vergeress dust the chairs in the Squire's carpeted, parlor-like pew, watched her polishing its little fireplace, and the swallows that built in the porch zigzagging about the rafters, mounted the reading-desk and pulpit, wandered in and out of the singers' seat, the farmers' square pews, and the grey, carved, worm-eaten free seats; wondered for the hundredth time what the Latin on the worn flooring-slabs and slimy mural tablets meant, explored the vestry, peeped into the cupboard in which the iron-moulded surplice hung, went inside the communion-rails, and swung back the slim, twisted iron-gates of the little chapel in the aisle, and wiped the damp off the faces of the life-size, ruffed Knight and Dame who lay upon their backs, with raised hands palm to palm, on the top of the black and white marble tomb within, and their numerous family, who knelt in miniature around it.

There had been a time when Helen had enjoyed being thus made free of the church, allowed to roam at will in places which on Sundays looked so strictly tabooed against her tread; but now she could only snatch a fearful joy from her rambles. She was constantly looking over her shoulder at the open door. It was some comfort to see old Keeper stretched in the porch like a sphinx, but Helen wished that the old woman would let him come in and follow her about.

On the second Saturday after Helen had heard her bugbear's voice, the old woman was later than usual in going to, and therefore in leaving, the church. It was almost dusk before she had finished her dusting; Helen crept closer and closer to her as the gloom deepened. She had climbed on one of the seats to put back a Prayer-Book that had fallen from a window recess, and as she looked out on the landscape of tree and lawn, which though lighter than the inside of the church, was beginning to dislimn in the distance, was wishing that her companion would made more haste, when suddenly she fell back as if she had been shot. She had seen Grim Jim stealing round to the porch-door. That Saturday she chanced not to have brought a dog with her, and in a few minutes, although she could not hear or see anything of it, she felt that there was a third person in the church.

At last the old woman had finished. She locked the porch-door, leaving the key in the lock, and went out by the tower-door. As they passed through the dim entry, in which a bier, put up on end against the wall, with the frayed bell-rope twisted round it to be out of the way, had a very uncanny look, the old woman, who was deaf, began to talk in the high tone in which deaf people generally indulge. Of all persons she must take Grim Jim for her theme—Grim Jim who, Helen's creeping flesh convinced her, was somewhere, in flesh or spirit, close at hand.

"I wonder if there's much in poor-box—*not* much, I guess," the old woman grumbled "Still, the parson did ought to empty it every Sunday, and not leave the money here all the week. It was broken open once, and Grim Jim, they say, did it. It's a lucky thing he's gone—a good riddance o' bad rubbish, what's-ever become on 'im."

Helen, who believed that if she put out her hand she could touch the man thus spoken of—or, worse still, pass it through his impalpable apparition—felt as if she would sink into her shoes. Her knees lost their strength, but she clutched her companion's hand so tightly that the old woman grew cross.

"Drat the child," she exclaimed. "What are you afeared on? You've pretty nigh crunched my fingers agin the key."

The tower-door was locked from the outside, and the key was taken out of the lock; but this Helen felt to be no protection. If her terror was flesh and blood, he could open the porch-door and come after them; and if he was a spirit, locks and bolts went for nothing.

She cast timorous glances at the dim clumps of fern, with dim deer couching in them, and shaped out of the gloom a figure slipping from tree to tree. When she went out at the park-gate, and saw the lodgekeeper and his family clustered round the cheerful fire—for, although it was summer, the evening had turned cold, and a hollow wind wandered lonesomely over the darkening country, moaning out its prophecies of rain—she wished for the moment that the snug cottage was her home, that she had no long reach of gloomy road to traverse before she reached the village; no still lonelier and gloomier lane to go through before she could get to the farm.

"Oh please, Nanny," she began, when they reached the old woman's cottage. She was going to ask Nanny to walk home with her; but, even if Nanny had heard her, it is not likely that she would have heeded her.

"Good night, child," Nanny said, and went in and began to blow her smouldering fire up into a blaze. Helen lingered, looking in at the brightening light until the old woman came out to button her flap-shutter.

"Why, child, why don'tee run away home?" she asked. "Your father," she whined still more peevishly, "will say as its me as has a-bin a-keepin' yer."

Thus rebuked, Helen took to her heels, and ran like a hare along the gloomy, lonely lane, sometimes fancying that she heard footsteps behind, fast gaining on her; at other times, that she saw Grim Jim sitting in the flesh upon a gate or stile, ready to pounce down upon her; and again, that she saw his wraith standing in the middle of the road, with outstretched arms—which, to pass, she must run through. But at last she did really hear a footfall behind her. It was her father and Fred, driving home from Romanchester. She was soon snuggling between them, under the apron of the gig, for rain had begun to fall briskly. That was far cosier than being on foot and alone; but still her father and Fred were so mixed up with her dread of Grim Jim that it was only a troubled pleasure she derived from their company.

It was long before Helen could go to sleep that night. The wind howled, trees lashed each other with their writhing branches, rain rushed against the shuddering windows, and rattled like bullets on the roof, and poor little Helen lay awake, thinking of the man, or ghost, she had passed in the church, until she was almost besides herself with fear. She called her dog, and let him lie upon the bed, that she might be close to something that loved her, though it could not drive away her fear. She would have got up and gone to the servants' room, had she not been afraid that the spirit might be out on the wild wind, hastening to plant itself in the long passage that divided her room from theirs; or that, if the man were alive, she might in her terror let fall some word which would turn her father's suspicions on him. It was no better when at last she fell asleep. Not alternatively, but by both at the same time, in slumber's mysterious jumble, she was tormented by Grim Jim's two characters in her dreams.

A very woebegone little maid, she went down to breakfast next morning, and the weather was not likely to cheer her. The wind howled, the rain poured down, more wildly than ever.

"Why, my little one, what's come to you?" said her father. "You mustn't go to church this morning. If you don't pick up your looks, I shall have to send for Dr. Morris."

A short time before it would have been "a-cross" to Helen to stay away from church, even on such an inclement day. She liked the walk to and from, because she was very fond of the kind old vicar; and she had a vague notion that she was nearer to her mother on Sunday than on other days—that mother was no longer buried down beneath the daisy-dotted grave-mound, but present, though unseen, in the midst of the village worshippers. On that Sunday morning, however, Helen had no desire to go to church. Its purity was defiled, its peace troubled by the presence of which she had become cognizant. She hoped that her father and brothers would stop at home with her; but James only stayed

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Family Circle.

GROWTH IN GIVING

BY MRS CHARLES.

Is thy cruse of comfort failing?
  Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine
  It shall serve thee and thy brother
Love divine will fill thy storehouse,
  Or thy handful still renew,
Scanty fare for one will often
  Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving
  All its wealth is living grain.
Seeds which mildew in the garner,
  Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
  Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden.
  God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains,
  Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
  And together both shall glow.
Art thou stricken in life's battle?
  Many wounded round thee moan,
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,
  And that balm shall heal thine own.

Is the heart a well left empty?
  None but God its void can fill
Nothing but a ceaseless Fountain
  Can its ceaseless longings still.
Is the heart a living power?
  Self-entwined its strength sinks low,
It can only live in loving,
  And by serving love will grow.

HONEST AND TRUE.

BY M. B. H.

"Honest and true"' that was what little Ben Huntington had been called, ever since he had been old enough to talk, and that is a good thing to have said of any one, be it boy, girl, or man. Of course, Ben had faults, like every one else, although with him there was a certain manly, upright feeling, of always wanting to do as nearly right as possible, and when he did commit an error he not only bravely owned up to it, but was very repentant, and tried his utmost not to do it again. In such a son the parents had every confidence, and, as he was the eldest of a family of three, he was an untold comfort to them all. Sometimes when the two little girls annoyed him he was cross, and told them in round terms what he thought of them, generally asking their pardon an instant after, and being "no end sorry," as he said, 'but he had given way to temper. But he had become rather used to having people look upon him as a model boy, and had heard so much of his good qualities, that without knowing it, he began to feel a little conscious of his merits, and that is a dangerous feeling to indulge in. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," is a good text for any one to remember. Now, with all Ben's goodness, I doubt if he kept that verse very much in mind.

One day Mr. and Mrs. Huntington went to a neighboring city to do some shopping. "We shall not return until late at night, my boy," Mrs. Huntington had said. "I want you to stay home from school to-day and take care of your two little sisters. I need not tell you to be good to them," and she smiled indulgently, "but watch them that they don't fall into mischief, until we come back."

"All right," said Ben, "I'll do my very best to be Father Huntington to-day," and he put on a terrible frown, caught up his father's cane, and asked the little girls if they were not afraid.

Their arms were round his neck in a moment, and, between laughter and kisses, they smoothed out the make-believe frown. Then they kissed their parents good-bye, and all three mounted the window-seat, and watched, as far as their eyes could reach, down the village street. At the corner they saw their mamma wave and kiss her hand, and then the whistle sounded, and a short time after the car whizzed by the window.

"Now they're all gone," said Bess, "do, Benny dear, amuse us some way."

And baby Jennie echoed her sister's wish with "Do 'muse us, Benny, 'muse me more'n anybody."

Ben was very glad to amuse them, so, putting on their hats, he took them for a little walk, taking a hand of each and chatting with them kindly and pleasantly as an older brother should. Ben had a garden and many garden utensils, and he let Bess and Jennie do some digging and weeding that pleased them very much, and gave them a vastly important feeling, and then, as cherries were ripe, he climbed the big tree and filled his cap with beautiful, waxy ox-hearts; and while they sat on a bench, chatting and telling stories, the dinner-bell rang and they jumped up, amazed beyond anything, to find that half of the day had gone already. What a lovely thing a big brother was to be sure! The little girls would have been very lonely but for him.

After dinner Ben got out the playthings, and lay down on the sofa himself to read a little.

"Mother said she was going to bring us each a present, if we were good," he said. "Suppose, Bess, that you see to Jennie for a little while, and give a fellow a chance to read. I want to finish this story."

"All right; we'll be awful good, Benny, dear."

And the two children sat down upon the library floor and began their play. Ben watched them a moment to see that everything was going on smoothly, and then took up his book with a pleasant consciousness of being one of the very best boys alive. Honest and true! Why, his mother had said to-day, that she would not have dared go away and leave two little girls with only one servant, but for her trusty boy. It certainly was very pleasant.

Now in the library stood a desk of Mr. Huntington's, in which his valuable papers and writing materials were kept, and which the children were not allowed to open, except when papa or mamma was by; then, sometimes Ben had permission to use pen and ink, or take a sheet of paper from it; but it was a generally accepted fact that the little ones were not to meddle with papa's things. To-day, Ben wanted a sheet of paper very much. There was a little carol in the story he was reading, that he wanted to copy, and he jumped up from the sofa to get the paper from his mother's desk, but remembered that he used the last sheet the day before for his composition.

"Bother! bother!" he said, rumpling up his hair, and considering what to do next. He wanted the carol. It was so pretty, and he had a great fashion of saving up bits of poetry, not only to read himself, but to mamma, who sometimes when he had found anything particularly nice, made up a little tune on the piano, and played and sang to amuse the children in the evening. And it was the very prettiest carol he thought that he had ever heard; besides, the book must be returned to-morrow on his way to school. Just then he looked up, saw the keys dangling in the key-hole of his father's desk, and thought, "Why, here's the very thing,"- then stopped —that was forbidden. Yes, but he was head of the house to-day—actually standing in his father's shoes, as it were. Of course, he was at liberty to do anything. Why, even the kitchen-maid had but that moment put her head in the door, deferentially asking his opinion about buttered toast or hot waffles for tea. She recognized his position clearly. Was not that enough? No, it was not exactly enough for a boy of Benny's honest, straightforward ideas.

He knew he was making a poor argument of it as he went along, but then, he wanted the paper, and so he indulged in a little more argument again, to strengthen his cause if possible. He had often taken paper from that desk before. Yes, but on the other hand, conscience said, "Your papa gave you leave, and he is not here to-day to do it now. He told you to be careful and not to do anything which you would not do if he were here. Now, Benny, would you unlock that desk if he were in the room?" "To be sure I would if he told me to, and he would tell me to—he's often done it—and—and—of course it's right enough."

Bess and Jennie had gone up to the nursery, to bring down the dollies, and he was quite alone. It surely was right, and yet his heart beat painfully as he unlocked the desk and began looking about for the paper. After a time he found it, then he thought how nice it would be to copy the piece right there at the desk. Of course he should tell his father of it the first thing, but as he was looking about for the ink and selecting a good pen, he suddenly espied a new volume standing among the account books and ledgers on one of the shelves.

He was certain that he had never seen it before, and took it down instantly to see what it was. It was new and very grand, with gilded edges and much fine scroll-work on the back—the very handsomest book that he had seen in many a long day, and full of pictures too. Why, how funny that papa had put it in there, and never told him a word of it. Oh, if he could only look it all through! But just then Sarah put in her head again.

"Mister Edgerton's son is at the door, Master Ben, and would like to speke to yo a minnit."

"Oh, certainly," said Ben. "right off, Sarah."

He left the open book on the desk and bounded away.

"Just to speak to him a minnit," Sarah had said but boys' minutes are never to be calculated by a chronometer, and Roy Edgerton had a good many things to talk about beside the next day's lesson, and the prize essay for which they were about competing, and it was fully half an hour before Ben went back to the library.

Meantime the two little girls had come down stairs; Bess, with her china doll in holiday attire gathered up in her arms, and Jennie, with a long discarded feather that, in its palmy days, had once adorned her mother's bonnet. They were going to ask Ben to play "keep house and visit," when they saw the open desk and the pretty book upon it. They saw, too, that it was full of pictures, and, with childish curiosity, they eagerly pushed up a chair, mounting it to get a better view.

It really was a beautiful book. On nearly every page there was a fine engraving of some animal, with a short sketch of its habits and appearance, as well as the country from which it came; all of which was of no manner of consequence to the little ones so long as the pictures were pretty. They leaned on the desk delightedly, and turned leaf after leaf with many an Oh! and Ah! of delight, never once thinking of harm, until, by an unlucky wave of Jennie's long feather, crash went the inkstand over the book, making a great blot, and completely destroying one of the finest engravings.

Bess caught the bottle with considerable presence of mind, before its contents had dripped upon the desk or floor, and then telling Jennie, who began scolding her naughty "fefwer" that she could make it all right, she took out her little handkerchief and sopped the wet page thoroughly. She was very well pleased to see how nice it looked when she had finished. To be sure, the beautiful lion, who stood in the jungle, looked a little obscure, and she had in some places rubbed so vigorously that the white paper almost showed through; but it was on the whole with a rather triumphant feeling that she told Jennie to come sit on the sofa, and she'd turn the leaves for her while they finished looking; then they'd be away from the ink and have a good time.

So Ben found them, laughing, chatting, and choosing between an elephant and a rhinoceros for an imaginary ride, and quite forgetful for the moment of the unlucky ink spot.

"Why, why, why"' he exclaimed in astonishment, "who told you you might take that book?"

"Me and Bess," said little Jennie. "Come Ben, and see the nelephant wiv his hook."

"Oh, you dear, little goose," laughed Ben, "it's a trunk." And seeing that Bess looked very important and held the book carefully, he came to the sofa, leaning on the arm of it, looking it over with them, and stopping to read a word here and there. He thought as long as the book had been taken from the shelf, it could do no possible harm now to see the pictures.

"See what Jennie's feather did," said Bess, "but I rubbed it all out so nicely," and she turned to the ill-fated lion, disclosing to Ben's frightened gaze, not only the ruined engraving, but muddy, dark stains, on the opposite page, the result of Bess's closing the book before it had thoroughly dried.

She took her handkerchief out of her pocket, and said "It'll all wash out" with such a comforting air that Ben had not the heart to scold her; but he was in despair.

It was all his fault, he acknowledged—all his fault. It was the result of wrong doing in the first place. If only he had not gone to the desk at all! He opened the book to let it dry, and told Bess and Jennie to go on with their "playing visit," without a word of reproof to them, but—as he said to himself—his heart just dropped down in his boots and staid there.

What should he do? He leaned his head on his hand and felt as miserable as it was possible for a boy of Ben's nature to feel. His parents had trusted him so, and now they never could again—never—never. The pleasant day had ended for him. He tried to play with the little girls and he put the book away just where he had found it, after the page was thoroughly dried. He was too miserable to copy the carol—indeed, he never wanted to see it again, and he finally went to the window, watching for his father and mother, in too unhappy a frame of mind for enjoyment of any kind. And then the cars dashed by with a shrill whistle, the lamps were lighted, and Sarah hurried to and fro, from the kitchen to the dining-room, while a whiff of something savory came in every time the door was opened. And mamma was so glad to see them again, and papa looked so pleased when Ben said "all right," and the little girls chimed in. How could Ben tell of the blotted book then? But his peace of mind was all gone when his father patted his head kindly and his mother kissed him with such a loving smile.

When tea was over then came the opening of packages and bundles, and finally from out a mysterious white box, what should come forth but two dolls exactly alike, except that one wore a pink sash and the other a blue. How the bright eyes twinkled and how eagerly Bess and Jennie hugged their new treasures to their hearts, with an utter forgetfulness of everything else in the world.

"And this is for you, my son," said Mr. Huntington, going to the desk and taking out —would you believe it?—the very book with the blotted page, 'but had caused him all his unhappiness that afternoon. "It is a valuable and beautiful work, and I know you will like it. I bought it several days ago; but I thought I would keep it as a reward of some kind, and to-day you have been faithful enough in your trust to deserve it."

Ben gave a murmured, "Thank you,—but, father"—and then stopped. How could he tell? His sisters were entirely too much occupied with the dolls to think of anything so entirely common-place as a book, and the unsightly blot on the engraving was of no consequence to Bess since her handkerchief had obligingly wiped it all off.

Ben kissed his parents and went upstairs with his book under his arm, pretending that the light was better there, but really to be alone and think. Up and down the room he paced, up and down, with only conscience for a companion.

"How very oddly Ben acts to-night," said Mr. Huntington. "He had scarcely anything to say when I gave him his book, and his face was anything but happy when he walked off with it under his arm. And now hear him walking to and fro overhead—I'm afraid something is wrong."

Mrs. Huntington dropped hands in her lap and listened. "Yes, something must be wrong I think I'll go up and see him."

"No, no; let him come to us when he has made up his mind. If anything has gone wrong, it will do him no harm to think it over."

"But he said particularly that everything had gone right."

And while the parents were wondering over their son's strange behavior, the door opened and in he came. He walked straight up to his father and laid his gift on the table before him. His eyes were quite clear and determined now, and his face no longer overcast.

"Papa," he said, "I cannot take the book I want you to keep it until you think I am worthy of it. I do not deserve it now. I was disobedient and told a falsehood, and I think you ought really to give it to some one else—some one who deserves to be called honest and true, and not to me." And forthwith he told the whole story.

It did not take him long to do this, or for his parents to listen and advise. What they said I cannot tell, for the door was closed, and how could I be expected to listen? But I know that when Ben came out again, although the book was gone, his face was radiant, and his heart lighter than it had been since his act of disobedience. He went straight up to his own room, and knelt down by his bedside, and I am sure that he asked earnestly for strength to overcome his faults.

Some weeks after this occurrence he found a beautiful illuminated text hanging over his dressing-table, and these were the words he read, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." And beneath it lay the very book that he had refused to accept as a reward of merit. It was open at the fly-leaf, and stooping over he read, in his father's firm, clear hand, "To my dear son; as a reminder of the time when he proved himself honest and true in confessing a fault."—*Churchman.*

THE BIOGRAPHY OF "MOTHER" GOOSE.

At the Christmas festival of the Sunday-school of the new Old South church, Boston, the Rev. J. M. Manning made an address, in the course of which he stated the interesting fact that "Mother Goose" was not a myth, but a veritable person and a member of the Old South church. He said:

In the list of admissions for the year 1688 occurs the immortal name of Elizabeth Goose. I almost beg pardon of her memory for saying "Elizabeth," since by the unanimous verdict of the world, in whose heart her name is enshrined, she is known as "Mother" Goose. So, then Mother Goose is no myth, as some have thought, but once lived in Boston, in veritable flesh and blood, as the records of the Old South church clearly show.

The maiden name of this venerable lady, member of us all, was Elizabeth Foster; she lived in Charlestown, where she was born, until her marriage, then she came to Boston, where her thrifty husband, Isaac Goose, had a green pasture ready for her, on what is now Washington street, and including the land in and about Temple place. She was his second mate, and began her maternal life as stepmother to ten children. Those all seemed to have been lively little goslings and to their number she rapidly added six more. Think of it! Sixteen goslings to a single goose—assuming that none of them had been eaten up

by the hawks, and that none had died of crook in the neck. Poor, happy Mother Goose! No wonder that her feelings were too many for her, and that she poured them out in the celebrated lines:

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do."

Yet her family cares seem, on the whole, to have set lightly upon her; for she was no wild goose, flying south and north with every turn of the sun, but she stayed by her nest through cold and heat, happy as the day is long, and living to be ninety-two years old. She even survived the father Goose many years, and she led and fed her numerous flock and tenderly brooded them in the enclosure on Temple place till they were able to swim and forage for themselves.

One of these, her daughter Elizabeth, became the wife of Thomas Fleet. And here is the fact to which we owe it that her name and fame are spread through the world. Thomas Fleet was a printer, living in Pudding lane, a place whose very name had so savory a taste in the dear old lady's mouth that when Thomas Fleet became a happy father she insisted on going to live with him as nurse of honor to his son and heir. To coddle her own grandchild, in Pudding lane, was the *beau ideal* of blessedness for Mother Goose. Her activity and concern in the house were such as to throw what we read about busy mothers-in-law wholly into the shade. No doubt she would have been glad to save Rome, as certain other geese once did with their cackling, but lacking the opportunity to do this she sang her ditties from morning till night, "upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber," till her son-in-law became sensibly alarmed at the fertility of her genius. Sing she must, however, for was she not a poet, full of the divine fire which refuses to be quenched? It is well for the world that she was a law unto herself. No upstarts son-in law could control her, or keep her from humming and cooing at her own sweet will.

And now it was not a Roman Senate, but a Boston printer, that her persistent music awaked. A happy thought occurred to Thomas Fleet. He printed and sold songs and ballads at his printing-house in Pudding lane. Was it not a sign of something good about to come to him, that this precious mother-in-law, with her endless rockings and lullabies, had put herself in his way? He stopped asking the irrepressible songster to rock less, and urged her to sing more. And while she sat in her arm-chair, or shuffled about the room lost in sweet dreams, he carefully wrote down what he could of the rhymes which fell from her lips. His notes rapidly accumulated, and in a little while he had enough of them to make a volume. These he now printed, and bound them into a book, which he offered for sale under the following title "Songs for the Nursery; or, Mother Goose's Melodies for Children. Printed by T. Fleet, at his printing House, Pudding Lane, 1719. Price two coppers." This title-page also bore a large cut of a veritable goose, with wide-open mouth, showing that the proverbial irreverence of sons-in-law is not a thing of recent origin. They were just as saucy in the days of Mother Goose as now, and just as ready to turn a penny at the expense of their mothers-in-law. How the immortal author bore this profane use of her name, or what she thought of the ungracious but shrewd Thomas Fleet, history does not say. We have every reason to believe, however, that she took it just as sweetly as she had taken all the other trials and annoyances of her life.

Such is the true story of Mother Goose. Her little book started forth on its errand. It grew and multiplied with each new edition. It made her dear name a household word wherever it went. What shore or fastness has it not visited? Where is the home in which its loving rhymes are not sung? It is one of the few books which cannot grow stale or be destroyed. Let us hope that the day is not distant when a memorial statue will be erected to this venerable lady in one of the parks or squares of Boston. Let it be an appropriate symbol of her and her blessed ministry. Let it stand where the children of the city may gather in their daily sports, trundling their hoops and carts about it, and singing their dollies to sleep in its motherly shadow. Where could that memorial more fitly stand than on the triangular plot of ground at the corner of Boylston and Dartmouth streets, so near to the Present Old South meeting house, and in full view of other buildings and institutions which are the pride of Boston? If not there, yet in some place it should be reverently set up. And on it should be the following inscription:

Elizabeth Foster,
Known in the Literature of the Nursery as
"Mother Goose,"
Was born in Charlestown, Mass., 1665,
Married Isaac Goose, of Boston, 1692,
Became a member of the Old South church, 1692;
Was left a widow in 1710.
The first edition of her "Melodies" was
Published in 1719
She died 1757.
Æt. 92 years.

THE EARLY YEARS OF OUR LORD'S LIFE.

It was in utter stillness, in prayerfulness, in the quiet round of daily duties—like Moses in the wilderness, like David among the sheepfolds, like Elijah among the tents of the Bedawin, like Jeremiah in his quiet home at Anathoth, like Amos in the sycamore groves of Tekoa—that the boy Jesus prepared Himself, amid a hallowed obscurity, for His mighty work on earth. His outward life was the life of all those of His age, and station, and place of birth. He lived as lived the other children of peasant parents in that quiet town, and in great measure as they live now. He who has seen the children of Nazareth in their red caftans, and bright tunics of silk or cloth, girded with a many-colored sash, and sometimes covered with a loose outer jacket of white or blue; he who has watched their merry games, and heard their ringing laughter as they wander about the hills of their little native vale, or play in bands on the hill-side beside their sweet and abundant fountain, may perhaps form some conception of how Jesus looked and played when He too was a child. And the traveller who has followed any of those children to their simple homes, and seen the scanty furniture, the plain but sweet and wholesome food, the uneventful, happy patriarchal life, may form a vivid conception of the manner in which Jesus lived. Nothing can be plainer than those houses, with the doves sunning themselves on the white roofs, and the vines wreathing about them. The mats, or carpets, are laid loose along the walls; shoes and sandals are taken off at the threshold; from the centre hangs a lamp, which forms the only ornament of the room; in some recess in the wall is placed the wooden chest, painted with bright colors, which contains the books or other possessions of the family; on a ledge that runs round the wall, within easy reach, are neatly rolled up the gay-colored quilts, which serve as beds, and on the same ledge are ranged the earthen vessels for daily use; near the door stand the large common water-jars of red clay, with a few twigs and green leaves—often of aromatic shrubs—thrust into their orifices to keep the water cool. At meal-time a painted wooden stool is placed in the centre of the apartment, a large tray is put upon it, and in the middle of the tray stands a dish of rice and meat or *hôbds*, or stewed fruits, from which all help themselves in common. Both before and after the meal the servant, or the youngest member of the family, pours water over the hands from a brazen ewer into a brazen bowl. So quiet, so simple, so humble, so uneventful was the outward life of the family of Nazareth.—*From Farrar's "Life of Christ."*

MINISTERS' CHILDREN.

"It is a common observation that the children of ministers turn out worse than those of their neighbors.

When therefore the minister's child goes out into the world he finds these two hostile judgments waiting for him in many minds: first, that he is to blame if he is not better than other children; second, that he is likely to be worse. Boyish pranks, that in other children are simply laughed at, are often regarded as signs of deep depravity in the children of ministers. "You're a pretty minister's son!" is the comment often heard on the playground and on the street. But no censor, little or big, ever thinks of saying: "You're a pretty jeweller's son!" or "Just what you might expect of an apothecary's daughter!"

The influence of theories and expectations so unfavorable, of judgments so partial and unfair, upon the character of a child can only be injurious. Is it any wonder that a sensitive boy, oppressed by a sense of the unjust demands that are made upon him, and the unjust suspicions with which his conduct is regarded, should burst into tears of vexation and discouragement, and say that it is of no use for him to try to do right?

It is not true that ministers' children, as a rule, are worse than other people's children. It is true that some of them turn out bad. Doubtless this is sometimes due to defective training. But is it not also in many cases due to this "common observation" which the minister's child cannot help hearing, and this discouraging expectation, of which he is constantly reminded. It is not wholly the minister's fault when his children do go astray. It is partly the fault of his parishioners and his neighbors, who surrounded them with an atmosphere of distrust in which virtue can scarcely live. "Give a dog a bad name and hang him." Give a child a bad name, and keep impressing it on him that he can deserve no other, and you are doing what you can to fit him for the gallows.

It might be well, therefore, for those who are in the habit of repeating this "common observation," first to be very sure that it is true before they quote it again; second, to consider what the effect of giving it currency must be upon the characters of ministers' children.—*S. S. Times.*

SOMETHING ABOUT THE SUN.

The fact is, that the sun is nearly a million and a half times as large as our world, and more than 91,000,000 miles away. But don't think you will get any idea of this distance from the numbers. No one can. When wise men begin writing about the sun, they keep putting down numbers with long rows of noughts after them, to show how many millions they mean; but they are as far from being able to imagine the distance in their mind as we are. Here is one way of thinking of it. Suppose a train, going at express speed, fifty miles an hour, were to start from the earth, and go up, up, up to the sun. Suppose it travelled day and night, rushing through the air without stopping for a single moment, do you know how long it would be before it reached the sun? More than two hundred years! Is it any wonder that, at such a distance, it looks smaller than the world?

* * * *

Now we shall finish with a story, to show you what false ideas, and what funny ideas too, people take into their heads, when they are left to guess about the sun and the stars, and have no guide but a pair of eyes. There are savage tribes that think that there is a new sun every day; and there are some negroes that believe less sensible things than that.

There was an African negro who was once asked by a traveller what he thought of the sun. He believed the world was flat.

"The sun!" said he. "It comes up in the morning over there, and goes down in the evening over there, and the next morning it comes up at this side again."

"Does it?" said the traveller; "how does it go across, then?"

The negro was puzzled, but at last a bright idea struck him—"*It gets across in the dark!*"—*From "The Source of the Sunshine," in Little Folks.*

THE WAY TO JESUS.

There are some little girls, and boys, too, who go to Sunday-school and church every week, and yet who do not know the way to Jesus. They "say their prayers" and study their lessons; but they act all the time as though Christian life belonged to their parents and friends, and to grown people generally, while they had nothing to do with it. Now this is a great mistake. If all the children could learn the way to Jesus, and could become Christians in earnest this year, what a wonderful thing it would be! We should never hear a cross word, or see an angry face, and all the little folks would do their best to make each other and all the world happy. They would learn their lessons faithfully, and sew their seams, and help their mothers, and in everything they would grow brighter, sweeter, purer day by day. The love of Jesus and the habit of trusting Him may be as strong and sincere in a child's heart, and as vital in its effect, as in a man's. Learn the way to Jesus. He says: "Come unto Me."—*Word and Work.*

INDIFFERENCE AT HOME.—Ingratitude and indifference sometimes mar the character of men. A husband returns from his business in the evening. During his absence, and throughout the livelong day, the wife has been busy with mind and hands preparing some little surprise, some unexpected pleasure, to make his home more attractive than ever. He enters, seemingly sees no more of what has been done to please him than if he were a blind man, and has nothing more to say about it than if he were dumb. Many a loving wife has borne in her heart an abiding sorrow, day after day, from causes like this, until, in process of time, the fire and enthusiasm of her original nature have burned out, and mutual indifference spreads its pall over the household.

A DISAPPOINTED DOG.—Philip Gilbert Hamerton never told a more beautiful story than the following: "A dog was bereaved of his master, and because old and blind, passing the dark evening of his existence sadly in some corner, which he hardly ever quitted. One day came a step like that of his lost master, and he suddenly left his place. The man who had just entered wore ribbed stockings, the old dog had lost his scent, and referred at once to the stockings that he remembered rubbing his face against. Believing his master had returned after those many years of absence, he gave way to the most extravagant delight. The [illegible] spoke. The momentary illusion was dispelled, the dog went sadly back to his place, lay down wearily, and died.

Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

1 Cor. 15: 57.

Ye shall seek for me and find me when ye shall search for me with all your heart.

Jer. 29 13.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

V.

1. This sacrifice was offered at His birth,
   Who lived, despised and poor, upon the earth.
2. Calling the wise men (for he greatly feared),
   He asked of them what time the star appeared.
3. Warned by an angel, thither Joseph went,
   Ere the dark hours of night were fully spent.
4. He slept, and God, in pity and in love,
   Gave him, in this, a glimpse of heaven above.
5. The tribe of one who served God night and day,
   And in the temple lived to watch and pray.
6. Take it upon you, in your Saviour's might,
   In youth 'tis easy, and 'tis rest at night.
7. Men saw its light, at heaven's eastern gate;
   It passed before them, and their joy was great.
8. In haste 'twas eaten, with the staff in hand;
   For Israel's children sought a better land.
9. Her little ones as Christian martyrs slept,
   She knows not, and refusing comfort wept.
10. The prophecy, a virgin shall conceive,
    Will tell the name which she her Son should give.
11. 'Twas here in wisdom and in stature too,
    And grace with God and man, our Saviour grew.
12. The place where Christ bade his disciples stay,
    Whilst he should leave them for a time to pray.

The initials give the whole.

Though God's great mercy, in sin's blackest night,
It came from heaven, to give his people light,
To bid our fears in death's dark shadows cease,
Guiding our feet into the way of peace.

SELECTIONS.

— There is an innate delicacy which respects the feelings of a child, and without which no man is fit to wear the name of gentleman.

— Is your voice a sophomore? enquired a country music committee-man of a young fellow who applied for a position in the choir.

— That's the smallest horse I ever saw, said a countryman on viewing a Shetland pony. "Indade now, replied his Irish companion, but I've seen one as small as two of him.

"Pa, I came near selling my boots yesterday.

"You did, sir? Well, it's lucky you didn't sell 'em. How did you come near doing it? I sold one half soled."

— Mistress. "Come, Bridget, how much longer are you going to be about filling that pepper-box?" Bridget (a fresh importation from where they don't use pepper-castors). "Shure, ma'am, and it's meself can't say how long it'll be takin me to git all the stuff in the thing through the little holes in the top.

— A Highland preacher who found his congregation going to sleep, one Sunday, before he had fairly begun, suddenly stopped and exclaimed "Brothren it's nae fair. Ye a' get half a chance. Wait till I get along, and then if I'm nae worth listening to gang to sleep. But don't go before I get commenced. Gie a man a chance."

The painter Vernet related that somebody once employed him to paint a landscape with a cave and St. Jerome in it. But when he delivered the picture the purchaser, who understood nothing of perspective, said, "The landscape and the cave are well done, but St. Jerome is not in the cave.

"I understand you, returned Vernet, I will alter it.

He took the painting and made the shade darker, so that the saint seemed to sit further back. When the gentleman next saw the painting it again appeared to him that the saint was not in the cave. Vernet then painted out the figure and returned the picture to the gentleman, who seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he showed the picture to strangers, he said, "Here you have a picture by Vernet, with St. Jerome in his cave."

"But we do not see the saint."

"Excuse me, gentlemen," returned the professor "he is there, for I have seen him standing at the entrance, and afterward farther back, and am therefore quite sure that he is in the cave."

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1877 by Edwin W. Rice as used by the Sunday School Union.)

LESSON VII.

[FEBRUARY 18.]

ELIJAH AND HIS SACRIFICE. (About 900 B. C.)

READ 1 Kings xviii. 36-46. EXCITE vs. 30, 39.

GOLDEN TEXT.—[illegible] answereth [illegible] let there be fire—1 Kings xviii. 24.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Lord only [illegible]

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—1 Kings xviii. 36-46. *T.*—2 Kings xix. 14-20. *W.*—Num. xvi. 16-35. *Th.*—2 Kings x. 18-28. *F.*—James v. 7-20. *Sa.*—Heb. x. 26-39. *S.*—Ex. xxxii. 25-38.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Read the account of the building of the altar, by Elijah (vs. 20-35), and notice that while Baal gave no answer, Jehovah answers by sending first fire and then rain. Baal-idolatry being punished and crushed, the famine may fittingly cease also and rain be sent to bring harvest again.

NOTES.—*Trench*, a ditch around the altar either as deep as two measures (*Lange*) or holding two measures (*Houbigant*). Two measures or 'seahs' were about equal to six gallons. *Kishon*, a stream which drains the large valley Esdraelon, and runs northward along the Mt. Carmel Ridge into the Mediterranean. Numerous streams run into the Kishon, and a rain swells the river very rapidly making it impossible to pass it. The Kishon is now called "*Nahr Mukatta*" "river of slaughter" (though Robinson says the name with the common people means merely 'the ford'), and the hill where the priests are said to have been slain is now shown the traveller. *Jezreel*, a town 16 miles from Carmel, and on the western base of Mt. Gilboa, overlooking the plain of Esdraelon. Jezreel was probably the "summer capital" of Ahab, now called *Zer'in*, and is only a heap of ruins near which is a little village of about twenty inhabited houses.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS

Lesson Topics.—(I.) JEHOVAH'S VICTORY. (II.) ELIJAH'S PRAYER FOR RAIN.

I. JEHOVAH'S VICTORY. (36.) **time . . . of sacrifice**, at Jerusalem, or about 3 p.m. **be known**, by an answer of fire. (37.) **hear thy word**, Elijah had proposed this trial not of himself, but under God's guidance. (37.) **turned . . . back**, see v. 39. (38.) **fire . . . fell**, as the sky was clear (v. 43), this fire could not have been lightning. **stones**, . . . **licked up the water**, so great was the heat, a proof that it was a miraculous fire, see Lev. ix. 24; 2 Chron. vii. 3. (39.) **fell on their faces**, either from fear or to worship. **the Lord, he is the God**, the people decide now, and hath no longer. (40.) **Take**, arrest, as officers would arrest criminals. **brook Kishon** now called river of slaughter, see Notes. **slew them**. Deut. xvii. 2, 3, 5.

1. **Questions.**—Describe the building of the altar by Elijah. What was put on the altar to prevent the suspicion of deception? What aroused it? At what time of day was Elijah's sacrifice prepared? State the four reasons he urged in his prayer. What followed? How fully did the fire burn up the sacrifice? The altar? The water? How much water had been poured over it? How much did this "barrel" or "water jar" probably hold? (About 2 or 3 gallons.) What was the effect of this miracle on the people? How did Elijah follow up his victory? v. 40. What was the law respecting those who offered to idols? Lev. xvii. 5, 7; Deut. xvii. 3-5.

II. ELIJAH'S PRAYER FOR RAIN. (41.) **get thee up**, probably Ahab was down by the Kishon, where the priests of Baal were slain. **eat and drink**, this was not spoken in derision, for a feast often follows a sacrifice (*Taylor*). **sound of . . . rain**, "a sound of a noise of a rain" (*Heb.*); there had been no rain for over 3 years. James v. 17. (42.) **face between his knees**, in earnest prayer. (43.) **his servant**, tradition says he was the son of the widow of Zarephath. **seven times**, strong faith and patient looking for the answer. (44.) **little cloud . . . like a man's hand**, a cloud that looks no bigger than a man's hand, sailors know it as often a forerunner of a storm. **prepare**, "tie" or "bind," thy chariot, **rain stop thee not**, by making the roads and streams impassable. (45.) **in the meanwhile**, straightway or "till now and till then" referring to the movement of the cloud (*Maurer*). **to Jezreel**, 16 miles, see Notes. (46.) **hand of the Lord . . . on Elijah**, he was directed or upheld by the Lord; **girded**, as men running. **entrance of Jezreel**, not into the town, for Jezebel was there.

II. **Questions.**—State Elijah's advice to Ahab. v. 41. Why given? How followed? Whither did Elijah go? v. 42. What to do? Who was with him? How many times was the servant sent to look for rain? How many times did he look in vain? What was seen at the seventh time? What message was sent to Ahab? Why was he to haste? How soon did the rain come? For how long had there been no rain? James v. 17. How did Elijah show his respect for the king? How far did he go? Why stop outside the gate?

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) The power of true prayer?

(2.) Of the miraculous of God in [illegible]

(3.) Of his power to answer prayer?

EL MUKHRAKAH, PLACE OF ELIJAH'S SACRIFICE.

(This is a view of the place as now seen. Near the tree in front is a large living spring.)

LESSON VIII.

[FEBRUARY 25.]

ELIJAH AT HOREB. (About 900 B. C.)

READ 1 Kings xix. 8-18. EXCITE vs. 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Will he plead against me with his great power? No, but he would put strength in me.—Job xxiii. 6.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Lord upholds his servants.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—1 Kings xix. 8-18. *T.*—Deut. xi. 7-19. *W.*—Ps. lxix. 1-17. *Th.*—Deut. v. 22-33. *F.*—Ex. xxxiii. 11-23. *Sa.*—2 Kings viii. 7-15. *S.*—2 Kings ix. 1-10.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Jezebel, enraged by the defeat and death of the Baal priests, threatened to slay Elijah; he escaped to Beersheba and into the wilderness; longed for death; an angel fed him twice; he then went on to Horeb.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Notice that Elijah is twice fed by the angel; strengthened; question of the Lord; strengthened by exhibitions of God's power; sent on a new work.

NOTES.—*Horeb*, probably the same as Mt. Sinai. The cave which tradition says is that of Elijah is now shown just below the higher summit of Jebel Musa (Mt. Sinai), but it cannot be the true cave. *Wilderness of Damascus*, probably the region between Beshan and Damascus, and just north of the prophet's home, possibly the "Argob." *Hazael*, servant of Benhadad II. king of Syria. He killed Benhadad, reigned in his stead, and brought great trouble to Israel. *Syria*, a country reaching from the Mediterranean to the river Euphrates, having Damascus for its capital. *Elisha*. See Lesson XI. *Abel-meholah—field of the dance*, a town in the Jordan valley south of the Sea of Galilee. Some place it 10 miles south of Bethshean, but later researches locate it between Bethshean and the Jordan.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS

Lesson Topics.—(I.) THE FLIGHT TO HOREB. (II.) GOD'S APPEARANCE TO ELIJAH. (III.) HIS COMMAND TO ELIJAH.

I. THE FLIGHT TO HOREB. (8.) **forty days**, Ex. xxxiv. 28; Matt. iv. 2. **Horeb**, see Notes. (9.) **unto a cave**, or "the cave"—that is, some cave well known to those for whom this book was first written but not known now, see Notes. **lodged there**, or "passed a night there;" **what . . . here**, a reproof (1) for cowardly flight, (2) for seeking a cave (*Henry*). (10.) **jealous**, "inflamed" (*Hebrew*)—that is, "very zealous." **thrown down thine altars**, one Elijah rebuilt, chap. xviii. 30; **slain thy prophets**, chap. xviii. 4. **I only am left**, Elijah in despair draws a sad picture, which is corrected in v. 18.

1. **Questions.**—Why did Elijah flee from Jezreel? How was he fed in the wilderness? How many times? Whither did he go in the strength of that food? For how many days? *Who had been forty days without food on that mount?* Ex. xxxiv. 28. Where did he lodge? Whose word came to him there? With what question? Why was this an implied reproof? How did Elijah answer it? What is meant by jealous? Why did Elijah think the people were all wicked? Was he right? See v. 18.

II. GOD'S APPEARANCE TO ELIJAH. (11.) **passed by**, or "was passing by," he did not pass before the earthquake. (12.) **still small voice**, "a sound of soft stillness" (*Hebrew*). "Storm, earthquake, and fire are symbols of divine punishments on the ungodly. (*Keil*). (13.) **mantle**, upper short cloak or cape possibly made of untanned sheepskin. **entering in**—that is, he stood in the mouth of the cave, hence a larger cave than that now shown as Elijah's; **what . . . here**, see vs. 9, 10. (In Hebrew vs. 10 and 14 are alike.)

II. **Questions.**—Where was Elijah to stand? v. 11. Who passed? How many signs of his coming were given? What were they? What came last? Does it say that God was in the stillness? Where did Elijah then place himself? What did he hear? Does it differ from the question in v. 9? How does his answer differ? Version from that in v. 10?

III. HIS COMMAND TO ELIJAH. (15.) **wilderness**, see Notes; **comest**, "and thou shalt go and anoint" (*Hebrew*); this did not compel him to do it as soon as he came. **Hazael . . . Syria**, see Notes. (16.) **Jehu**, son, really grandson of Nimshi, being son of Nimshi's son Jehoshaphat (*Speaker's Com.*). **in thy room**, thy successor. (17.) **sword of Hazael**, see 2 Kings viii. 28, 29. x. 32, 33; xiii. 3; **sword of Jehu**, see 2 Kings ix. 24, 27, 33. x. 1-7, 18-25. **Elisha slay**, see 2 Kings ii. 24; Jer. i. 10; xviii. 7. (18.) **I have left**, or "yet will I leave" (*Hebrew*)—that is, 7,000 shall survive the persecutions of Ahab and Jezebel; **not kissed him**, idolaters ordinarily kissed the idol worshipped. Hosea xiii. 2.

III. **Questions.**—Whither was Elijah sent of the Lord? Where was that wilderness? Whom was he to anoint? What to be? Who was to be his successor? Where did Elisha live? What is said of the character of Hazael? Of Jehu? What of Elisha? How was the prophecy in regard to each fulfilled? How many would continue faithful in Israel?

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) That God expects his servants to face danger?

(2.) That he is patient with the fearful?

(3.) That his presence gives courage?

ELIJAH AT HOREB

On Horeb's rock the prophet stood
The Lord before him passed
A hurricane in angry mood
Swept by him strong and fast.
The forests fell before its force,
The rocks were shivered in its course
God was not in the blast:
'Twas but the whirlwind of his breath
Announcing danger, wreck and death.

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